# MOTHER GOOSE MEDDLINGS

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

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Myrtle Koon Cherryman

April 12, 1912.

# MOTHER GOOSE MEDDLINGS

ALSO

# A FEW FABLES

BY

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

Author of

SONGS OF SUNSHINE

NOTE.—These sketches have appeared, with one exception, in the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*, and are reprinted with the permission of that paper.

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To "Mercy,"
who dearly loves a preachment,
this small volume
is lovingly dedicated—

# Mother Goose Meddlings.

## "SHOW ME FIRST YOUR PENNY"

Mother Goose has furnished mental employment for children, fools and philosophers since her first jingle was made, and she still has power to point a moral. Take for instance the story of Simple Simon and the Pieman—how suggestive is that one line of the prudent vender of pastry, "Show we first your penny."

Let this line furnish us with a text for a brief thinklet on life's values. We are all so prone to forget that "the gods sell all things—at a fair price!" How many times we walk confidently up to life's bargain counter (or, to preserve the figure, to life's pie-stand) and say, "Let me taste your ware," without stopping to consider whether or not we have the necessary penny! We ask glibly for wealth, fame, health or domestic happiness, and we are not a little dismayed to find that the stern pieman demands payment in the form of work, obedience to law, temper-

ance, self-denial, or some other coin not altogether easy to obtain.

A young student claims a scholarship pie, and yet begrudges the payment of application; a man asks for a model wife, yet is unwilling to give the devotion which helps to make her so—and vice versa; workers in all branches demand advancement, yet hesitate to invest the patience and industry which are necessary to bring it; and we all ask for happiness, without realizing that we must buy it by our own way of living and trained habits of thought.

It's all very well to want pies. As George Eliot says, "There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them." But when that craving comes, we must see that we have the proper fee ready to pay, and must not grudge to give it. Life is businesslike, and will ever be prompt to say, "Show me first your penny!"

## "TO-MORROW WILL BE MONDAY"

Do you remember what Tommy Snooks said to Bessie Brooks, "when walking out one Sunday?" He made the rather obvious remark that "to-morrow would be Monday."

Now, although this may seem trite and commonplace—even "banal," as the modern novelists say—on Tommy's part, there is a wise note of warning in it which gives the mind something to work upon.

It is all too easy to forget that "to-morrow will be Monday"—just as easy as it is to forget that the fiddler must be paid after the dance, and any timely reminder of this, whether from Tommy Snooks or Phillips Brooks, is worth heeding.

When enjoying recreation or refreshment of any kind, we are much more likely to be temperate in our play if we remember that there is a work day ahead, for which this relaxation must not unfit us. If the novels we read, the plays we see and hear, the small-talk we indulge in, or the sports in which we join, are such as to refresh and rest us, then there is no grimness in the warning that to-

morrow will be a work day; but if, on the other hand, these recreations give us a distaste for life's realities, or leave us weary and dull, it were better that some Tommy Snooks had warned us sooner.

Rest, play and amusement are as necessary to development as work, but from that very necessity they must be in some way allied to the routine of duty, either by similarity or by wholesome contrast; otherwise they tear down instead of building up the tissues of body, brain and soul.

As for the ideal Sunday—taking it as representing the leisure side of life—it may be realized if we supplement Tommy's observation with Longfellow's gracious words: "Take the Sunday with you through the week, and sweeten with it all the other days."

## "LET THEM ALONE."

The advice given to little Bo Peep about those wandering sheep, "let them alone and they'll come home," may sound like an irresponsible, careless sort of counsel, but properly applied, it becomes the essence of wisdom.

We are all of us at some time or other seized with a desire to reform the world, or some portion of it, and we begin to make a stir. Sometimes this agitation proves beneficial, and sometimes it only brings confusion. Stagnant pools are not improved by being disturbed; it is only by directing them into new channels where they may flow freely that the conditions are improved. But in our eagerness to right wrongs we often waste energy and bring about further inharmony by fluttering, flaring, nagging, smashing with hammers and doing many other impracticable things.

Is it not true that the most of circumstances which vexed and hurt us in the past, took care of themselves in due season—either by a reform in those who occasioned the vexation, or by a change in our own point of view? Then we may safely let the troubles of today alone, after we have done what we reasonably can to right them.

When it comes to the faults and frailties of our neighbors, that is certainly a flock of errant sheep much better let alone, unless one of the wanderers comes our way to be guided, or its owner

asks us to help in reforming them into properly behaved sheep.

Perhaps the hardest lesson for a wouldbe reformer to learn is when to act and when to sit still— or to use the brutal old phrase, when to mind one's own business. To be sure we may always say, like the repentant ghost of Marley, "Mankind is my business," and there may be times when this business includes the uttering of a firm or stirring word. But there are more times when the serene and cheerful minding of one's own business is the best way of helping our neighbor in his. "Thou knowest not what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent," says the clear-seeing Emerson, and, when all is said and done, the most lasting lessons have been taught in this way, rather than by curtain lectures.

Whether it be a bit of happiness we have let get away from us, or a bit of success, or a friend's confidence, or a brother's well-being, in most cases, it is safe to follow Bo Peep's example and "let them alone," for if they're worth the having, "they'll come home."

## THE CROOKED MILE.

The lesson in the "crooked man" rhyme is almost too obvious to need expounding. Just consider it:

"There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence
Behind a crooked stile."

Of course it was a crooked mile, if a crooked man walked it. Can a man have a twist in his physical, mental or moral make-up and not have it show in the way he carries himself? If your mind isn't straight, you won't act straight. That's as clear as though demonstrated by geometry.

And as for what the man found, the most logical thing in the world was for him to find something crooked behind something else that was crooked. He wouldn't have known a straight sixpence if he'd seen it—no, nor a straight stile, either. Ruskin must have had this man in mind when he said: "In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight." The wise writer might

have added that when you hear a man or woman constantly imputing wrong motives to others, casting reflections on seemingly innocent acts, etc., you may be sure that the mental life of that man or woman is not quite honest and clean.

The people who find nothing but crooked stiles to climb, and nothing but battered sixpences to pick up, have only themselves to blame. It's a natural consequence of warped mental conditions or moral ideals that are out of focus. Moreover, if we find that we've walked a crooked mile sometime on our journey, it doesn't look well to complain of the road, for it was some crookedness within us which made the path go zigzag. The only thing to do in that case is to turn one's back on the crooked mile as quickly as possible, and straighten one's self out, then march ahead with a valiant determination to make a better record on the next mile.

## THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK.

Mice and men have been proverbially classed together, so it may not be unreasonable to draw a human lesson from the foolish mouse who ran up the clock, and then, when "the clock struck one," ran down again.

Did you ever start out to do something rather fine and ambitious—like running up a clock for instance,—and then, before you had reached the top, or had accomplished anything, turn and scuttle back as fast as could be because something happened? Perhaps you met somebody who said a discouraging word, or perhaps you encountered prejudice, misunderstanding, delays, obstacles, or some other trial. Or instead of discouragement from outside forces, maybe it was a blunder on your own part, which sent you back faster than you had gone up In any case, if you'll remember, the clock didn't have to strike more than once before you took fright and gave up the effort. If it had struck twelve you couldn't have run any faster.

But there may have been other times

when you didn't run away at the stroke of one; you stood that bravely, and endured "two" and "three" and so on, up to twelve, when the strain became too great and you gave it up. You were rather proud of yourself, no doubt, that you had borne so much, and excused your final surrender on the merits of your former courage. But there's no more logic in giving up at the tenth or twelfth stroke of misfortune, than at the first. Indeed there's all the more reason for calmness, fortitude, and hope. If the first stroke doesn't make the heavens fall, and the earth tremble, there's very good reason to suppose that the second will not, and each in succession should become more endurable, through the calm assurance gained by experience.

No, there isn't the least excuse for giving up any worthy thing because of one set-back, and there's less when the experience is repeated, for then the knowledge of what has been endured should furnish renewed courage. So don't run down when the clock strikes one!

## "LEG OVER LEG."

Among the valuable suggestions that have come down through the years from Mother Goose is one as to the only wise, sure way of attaining one's life goal: it is in the simple line, "leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover."

Every one of us has some Dover to reach, though we give it different names, ranging from the petty ambition of a day to the great aspiration of a lifetime. Sometimes we complain that the goal is so far off, and the stumbling blocks so many, there's no use trying. But that is unreasonable, for of course the goal is far off if it amounts to anything. Mother Goose would never have chronicled the journey of that dog if Dover had been just at the end of the lane; and as for stumbling blocks, they are mere incidents along the way.

The trouble with most of us travelers is that we don't like the steady dog-trot; we'd rather run, and thereby get winded and lame, or try to fly, and thereby take a tumble. If we only knew it, most of the best traveling in the world has been done by those who plod on

slowly but steadily—"Ohne hast aber ohne rast," as the Germans put it—in fact, in the simple, sane "leg over leg" fashion commended by Mother G.

Was it Edison who said "Genius is not inspiration, but perspiration"? He has illustrated it in his life, any way, and indeed all of his kind have shown us that the patient, persistent, though monotonous, gait is the one which "gets there" most surely.

There can be no continued discouragement to any traveler so long as he is sure that his Dover is ahead, and that he has the power of going on, however slowly. A dog-trot isn't very exciting—but it's effective.

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## "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London to see the queen."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

Did Mother Goose intend to be satirical in this little rhyme? It does seem as though she must have intended something, for the satire is obvious, though perhaps in the days of the nursery

rhymster there were not so many foolish travelers as now. The pussy cat verse may have been a prophecy of this age of much travel, when the tourist who hasn't been "across" at least two or three times is considered quite hopeless—when the pussy cats who go to London to see the queen, or king, are many. And of this great number of sightseers, how many are there who really accomplish anything or add perceptibly to their store of knowledge?

A journey is of no value unless it takes a person out of his shell—or out of his narrowness of thought, as well as his narrow environment, and many a stay-at-home travels farther in his mind than the greatest globe-trotter on earth. If you can't go to London—or anywhere else—with a higher ambition than that of repeating your round of home duties and pleasures, you might better stay where it's cheaper and more restful. Every season we hear returning tourists tell of balls in London, dressmaking in Paris, receptions in Rome, and yachting on the Mediterranean, as though such achievements were worth all the expenditure of

time, money, and energy attendant upon a long journey.

An American student in Germany was much amused once on the railway train by the efforts of a matter-of-fact couple from Chicago to follow the railway guide and see if the train reached the successive stations on schedule time. The man was very much annoyed to find that "Ausgang" was not among the printed names of stations in the book, until on seeing the name "Ausgang" at several stations, he learned that it was simply the German word for "exit." Poor old fellow! He was worrying himself with foreign travel, and doing exactly the same thing he always did on a little trip at home—studying the timetables!

Travel is an excellent thing, but unless it is stimulating and broadening it is unprofitable and expensive, and those who want to economize force, money, and time would do well to make sure before undertaking a journey that they can do something better with their experience than to "frighten a little mouse under a chair."

## "SOME IN VELVET GOWNS."

There is no doubt that Mother Goose, while she did not know much of settlement work or the Charity Organization society, had a pretty fair knowledge of beggars and their various classes, for she distinctly classifies them as "some in rags, some in jags, and some in velvet gowns."

Now, we are all more or less familiar with the beggars in rags, and know all we care to know about those "in jags," but the third class we are all too apt to neglect: The beggars in "velvet gowns," simply because their poverty is concealed and their begging is done in subtle, silent ways, seldom appeal to our sympathies.

Here is a velvet gowned woman perhaps who appeared to you the type of the grande dame—luxurious, assured, and perhaps even a little insolent in the pride of her position. But there may be a little grave somewhere, a real grave covering a little child she loved, or another kind of grave where young hopes and illusions lie buried, and for the sake of these you may well give your pity, or

that better thing—your sympathy. She may not seem to ask for it; she might even snub you if you offered it, but you can give it to her in gentle looks and charitable thoughts, at least.

Another luxurious beggar may be a man who appears to have everything heart could wish—power, health, wealth, and all the rest, but when his eyes look sad you may know that there is some hunger unsatisfied, and if you cannot give him the food he needs you can at least give him the fellowship of one who understands.

We complain of the beggars in rags because they beg so openly, and of their velvet gowned prototypes because they do not let their wants be known; but that is only natural and all we have to do is to help the first class, if ever so little, toward self-helpfulness, and to give the second class all of kindliness and good cheer we can. And we should deem it a sin to be cold or uncharitable to those in any class, whether in rags or in jags or in velvet gowns..

## "WE COULDN'T AGREE."

Among the domestic tragedies chronicled by the much-quoted M. G. is one which runs thus:

"She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree."

One can readily imagine the arguments used on each side, and the gravity with which both maintained that the question was an important one. If some peace-making friend intervened and called the quarrel a tempest in a teapot, or a coffee pot, no doubt she who loved coffee exclaimed:

"Oh, I know it's a small thing, but there's a principle involved!"

And he who loved tea probably quoted, "'Trifles make the sum of human life,' and if she can't agree with me on this little thing she won't on larger matters."

Thus it is with most of the differences which separate friends and lovers. We all recognize that the questions of dispute are small, compared to the world's great problems, yet we invariably say: "There's a principle involved, and if we don't come to an understanding on

this we shall have no common ground."

There are some matters, to be sure, in which the "principle involved" is so great that it needs adjustment, but in the majority of disagreements the only real principle involved is the one to which we pay the least heed—that is, "Live and let live." How much more harmonious it would be to say, "My friend's devotion to coffee puzzles me; it even seems intemperate, and it would never do for me; but so long as I can't change her views I might just as well let her alone and enjoy in her the many points wherein we are as one."

But no! the minute the aroma of the hated cup greets our nostrils we begin the fretful discussion anew, and the "little rift within the lute," while it may not make "the music mute," makes it full of discords, which is perhaps worse than silence.

When we come to apply this lesson to our own vexations we say: "Oh, but my disputes with my friend were important ones," and we go on to specify differences of religious views or of tastes in music, art, and literature, things which are truly of great moment in one way.

But are they, after all, as valuable to us as harmony, friendship, and the serenity of life?

One can easily imagine that in the eyes of those heavenly beings who are said to judge of earthly affairs, even these "important" questions might be classed with the childish plaint:

"I loved coffee and she loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree."

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## "WHAT A GREAT BOY AM I!"

Some clever writer has pointed out that Jack Horner, who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said "What a great boy am I'" was a fair sample of that class of persons who are full of self-complacence over the achievement of possessions.

On studying the subject in this light we find that the Jack Horners are not confined to Standard Oil magnates and the owners of mansions and yachts, but that they range from such possessors down to the little girl with a new doll's tea set or the boy with an extra number of "megs and glassies." And on still closer inspection is any one quite free

from this Hornerish attitude on occasion? We may not swell up and become chesty over a corner in plums, but perhaps we assume the "What-a-great-boy-am-I" pose unconsciously over some other mere accident of possession.

And why should we? Even if we have earned some credit by pulling out the plum, that is, by winning our bit of wealth or fame through our unaided exertions, why should it "set us up"? Even young Horner didn't make the pie from which he extracted the much-vaunted plum—nor have any of us made this larger pie from which desirable objects like money, raiment and glittering things are pulled out. No achievement or attainment of human hands is big enough to justify one in saying "What a great boy am I!" and the sooner we convince ourselves of this truth the more becoming will our behavior be.

When we have all learned the lesson of the Horner episode, there will be no smile of superiority from the college girl who lives in a sorority house upon her former chum whose parents keep student boarders; there will be no undue swishing of silk linings by summer girls among

their farm-house friends; there will be no chilly passing by of former friends by the woman whose marriage has brought her the luxury of a carriage; there will not even be the exclamation of the quick student, "What, haven't you got your algebra yet? Oh, I had mine long ago!" to the one whose faculties work more slowly; nor will there be the uplifting of baby noses with claims to superiority as "We've got a mortgage on our house, an' you aint," or, "I'm had the tonsulitus!" We laugh at the children who put forth such claims, but are they any more foolish than we, when our attainments are weighed in the balance with the essentials of life?

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## HONEY AND THE MUSTARD POT.

There is perhaps more truth than poetry in the following lines:

"Simple Simon went to eat honey
Out of a mustard pot;
Bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got."

The stanza is open to Rosalind's criticism that "some of the lines have more feet than the verses will bear," yet there is a suggested sermon in the limping verse which gives it a raison d'etre.

The casual reader of the short and simple annals of Simon shrugs his shoulders with contempt at the idea of recording such imbecile adventures, yet it will be seen on closer study that Simon was not more foolish than many of his betters.

How many of us are there who have not at one time or another gone "to eat honey out of the mustard pot"? We have gone in the most confident way possible, without the least idea of being disappointed, and that, too, in the face of numerous disastrous experiences, both our own and that of others. Kind friends have warned us that honey cannot be found in the mustard jar, but we have paid no attention until the mustard bit our tongues—and then we cried just as Simon did.

How long will it take us to learn that the jar labeled "Selfish Pleasure" is not the one in which happiness is stored? Over and over again we are disillusioned, but we forget, or else we say, "This time it is surely the real thing. I'm going to try it, anyway."

We laugh at Simple Simon for thinking mustard must be honey just because it has a golden hue, yet we mistake the

"color of gold" just as often—and just as painfully.

These biting experiences will continue just as long as we refuse to read the label or read only a part of it, for there never was a selfish pleasure yet which yielded absolute sweetness.

Natural recreation does not come in this class, because it is as much a part of general development as work and study are, but the pleasures which are sought with the sole idea of selfish gratification, and at the expense of anything and everybody which stands in its way, will bring a bite and a sting just as surely as did the mustard that Simple Simon mistook for honey.

Everybody wants life's honey. Everybody ought to have it, too, but it is only the wise few who get it, because so many refuse to find out where it is stored. The jars marked "Faithful Work," "Enthusiasm," and "Loving Service" are pretty sure to contain what we are all seeking, and there are others, too, if we only learn how and where to find them.

## "A TEN-O'CLOCK SCHOLAR."

How finely sarcastic Mother Goose could be, on occasion, especially when she greeted the late comer with—

"A diller, a dollar, a 10 o'clock scholar! What makes you come so soon?"

If there is anything an energetic, capable person despises it is an irresponsible, never-on-time loiterer. And does the world in general not despise him, too? The world is a "good fellow," they say, on the whole, and makes allowances for those who honestly try to do their best—but for those who only dilly dally at life, the world's criticism is as harsh as it is just.

What is the use of doing anything at all if it is not done promptly, and in a clean-cut way, which leaves no chance of its getting mixed with the next task on hand? The habit of laxity in keeping appointments leads to worse forms of carelessness, and it grows on one as the years go by, just as the old rhyme says, "You used to come at 10 o'clock and now you come at noon!" Following this sug-

gestion to its logical conclusion, one may suppose that the 10 o'clock scholar would continue to be a little later each day, until at last he wouldn't come at all, and that is precisely what happens in the end, when we are lax in any of our obligations.

"I believe I have spent more time waiting for persons with whom I've had appointments than I have in waiting for trains or street cars!" said a busy woman one day; "But just the same, I'd rather do it, and be on time myself than to have the guilty feeling which comes of being late."

This is an instance of a conscience kept up to the standard of the school child who dreads the "tardy-bell"—and thank fortune, there are many such! If there were not, the world would be a helter-skelter place, indeed, full of 10 o'clock scholars who used to come at 10 o'clock, but now come at noon—or not at all!

## "DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS."

What a "prophetic soul" Mother Goose must have had, to be sure! She voiced in her early day the very sentiments of this day and hour, especially in such couplets as this:

"We all are in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps."

If a statistical study were to be made of the well-developed cases of "the dumps" throughout the world, it would no doubt be found that a very large percentage of them were due directly to the fact that with the majority of people "diamonds are trumps." The name of the trump card is not always given as diamonds, to be sure; sometimes it is called a sealskin coat; sometimes a trip to Europe, and sometimes, forsooth—an automobile! But whatever name it bears, it belongs to the same class, expensive, glittering, luxuries, the class of things that only money, and plenty of it, can buy.

The worst of this malady is that it cannot be cured by the gratification of that morbid desire for trump cards. The

achieving of one only makes the craving more strong, and the most chronic cases of "dumps" are often found to be among those who have the most diamonds. The specialists tell us that this form of disease can never be cured by gratification, and indeed that it can never be cured at all until diamonds cease to be trumps!

When people learn to appreciate to the full the luxuries they do have, and better still to recognize as luxuries the small benefits which come even to the poorest; when they learn to measure riches according to their capacity for enjoyment of every day comforts; when they stop fretting for "more," and simply work along and say "thank you" for what comes; then this terrible epidemic of the dumps (worse than spinal meningitis or cholera) will be eradicated, for then hearts and spades will be trumps—not diamonds.

## "VICTUALS AND DRINK."

"There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink."

These lines, written as we are told, about two hundred years ago, seem to foreshadow the present age of inquiry on the lines of physical development, for do they not express wonder at a human being living alone on material food?

It must needs be indeed an old woman who can live today on nothing but victuals and drink, for no one of the younger generation would presume to do so—or would pretend to do so, one might better say, for all such living is merely pretense.

Even from a material standpoint, a body would make poor work of trying to exist on victuals and drink without air to breathe—and when it comes to breathing, the mental and spiritual lungs must have air, too, or there is no real life. Some one has defined inspiration as "the soul's deep breath in the realm of great thoughts and noble feeling."

The most materialistic man alive cannot deny this, nor can he presume to live

without such breaths. Suppose he denies the existence of a soul—he will tell you that he gets inspiration from nature, from companionship with friends, or enthusiasm for his chosen work. But are not these the sort of things of which we take "deep breaths" to keep ourselves alive? A man who claims to live unto himself is generally looked upon as a "freak" or a monstrosity. But he isn't—he's only a humbug. He fools even himself, perhaps, by saying that he lives independent of all the throbbing life about him. The law of interdependence is one which cannot be avoided any more than the law of gravitation.

No, it would be a very strange thing to find a human being who could live without interest in something, who, in short, could get along without an occasional deep breath of some "great thought." The trouble is that many of us, like the old woman, do not give credit to the air we breathe in even, helpful respiration—and which is as important to our existence as the long sighs and yawns which we take by way of special exercise.

When we learn to make every breath a real inspiration—that is, when we find

stimulus and help in the steady, every-day working of our functions, spiritual as well as physical, we will indeed be living, and we'll be ready to testify, too, that it is not alone by "victuals and drink."

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## "FLY AWAY HOME."

If the philosophical rhymster who wrote "Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home" intended to give a real warning to any class of people with the line, "Your house is on fire, your children will burn," it was very likely the fluttering butterfly type of woman which existed in that day, as now. But like all world literature, Mother Goose's maxims are as applicable to the conditions of today as to those of two hundred years ago, and the class of women who need the warning now are a grade higher in their neglectfulness, perhaps.

Many a well meaning mother leaves her children to burn with the flames of youthful energy while she allows herself to fly away, not necessarily to clubs and committee meetings, but to the things they represent—attractive abstractions—"glittering generalities!" Even the

women who seldom go out sometimes live in a realm far off from their children —a world where petty personal aims and ambitions have absolute sway. A mother may be cooking, scrubbing, and mending all day for her children and yet not be living in their lives, sympathizing with their struggles, and directing their thoughts aright. The "fly away home" injunction has a far deeper meaning than one might see at first glance. The old phrase has it, "'Tis home where'er the heart is," and with the child we might add that its real home is where it's mind —or its soul, if you will—is living and developing.

If we want really to "live with our children," as Froebel says, we must first find out where they are living and if it is a good place, as it is sure to be if we make the search early enough, we must patiently make the most of what we find there—"make the house where gods may dwell beautiful, entire, and clean."

If our quest is a tardy one, and we find our child's mental home a place of morbid tastes and selfish desires, we have a labor equal to Hercules' task of cleaning the Augean stables. But Hercules

accomplished the feat and any mother with a determined will is equal to a dozen Greek heroes!

We sing over and over again with Longfellow: "Homekeeping hearts are happiest," but we seldom make the effort to keep in order even our own mental and spiritual homes, to say nothing of our children's. It is a charming study, too, if we only had the grace to understand it. If there is delight in cleaning and arranging a set of rooms and bringing about a pleasing combination of utility and beauty therein, how much more pleasure there is in keeping a human mind well ordered.

But the good furnisher and decorator studies his room carefully first in order to get the best effects, so, "Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home."

## "THE LITTLE COLT."

A good Mother Goose motto for summer is the rhymic couplet:

"Shoe the old horse and shoe the old mare,
And let the little colt go bare."

Surely the open, free season of warm weather is a time for liberty. If grown-ups needs must, for form's sake, be shod in conventionality, that is no reason why the youngsters should be bound and shackled before their time.

The desire to have one's children appear well is a natural and wholesome one, but when it grows to such proportions as to limit the liberties of the young things and keep them uncomfortably proper, the desire is no longer normal. There is no such thing as active play and exercise without some disarrangement of toilet. White duck, patent leather, and starched linen have no affinity for baseball, rope skipping, "circus," and the numberless activities of childhood, and it is unreasonable to try to create any agreement between them.

The literal bare foot for the "little colt" is perhaps not desirable in town,

where cobblestones and broken glass are common foes, but the unshackled freedom represented by the phrase, "let the little colt go bare," is more to be desired than much fine gold. There is even such a thing as too much insistence upon personal cleanliness in summer. One bath a day and a moderate amount of scrubbing at meal time is all that ought ever to be required—and even this code should be interpreted liberally. The soiled hands and unkempt hair will not do half as much harm as the forced quietude necessary to maintain the opposite conditions. If the little folk are provided with clean thoughts and fresh air all the time a mother may well be content to have their hands clean once a day. Truly this is but logical, for the errors of soiled epidermis may be rectified at a moment's notice, but the lack of cleanliness and freshness in the lungs and heart and brain is a more serious matter.

For all these reasons and many more it were wise to follow the goose woman's hint and "let the little colt go bare."

## FOLLOWING THE NOSE.

"Peter White can ne'er go right;
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry."

There has been a wise writer since the time of the nursery rhymster who said something like this: "A man has not much hope for improvement who has only his own example to copy." And this was much the case with Peter White who went wrong simply because he persisted in using that crooked nose of his as a guide.

The trouble with most of us wandering wayfarers is that we allow our ideals to become as much awry as the unreliable nose of Peter White, and then we cannot understand why we "ne'er go right." There are a good many people following their noses, though they don't know it, and would deny it if faced with the charge.

"No, I am not erratic," says one man. "Nor am I inconsistent. I have an object in view and I work toward it, though you may not understand my methods."

But when these "methods" interfere with the comfort and convenience of others; when they create unprofitable delays and worriments and lead to nothing

in the end, it is safe to say there is something warped about them, and that the misguided man who thinks he has so clear an object in view is really following his nose.

"An aim in life" is a common saying —but how many really have one? Can the ambition to succeed in some business or profession be called an aim, that is, does it often lie very far beyond the end of one's nose, as it were? Can the desire for good clothes, brilliant accomplishments and social prestige be classed among the noble objects? Hardly. They seem, indeed, to be all too much like Peter's guide, and generally lead one "all awry."

What is a real aim, then? Well, Richter's was a pretty good one—"to make as much of myself as can be done with the stuff;" and if one wants a more detailed creed, this might do: To be as clean and as busy and as happy as may be, and always to grow; to wait, to hunger, and to weary if necessary, but never to stop growing in mind and heart and soul; to achieve and attain wherever possible, but whether achieving or losing, whether attaining or sacrificing, to grow, and always grow.

## "TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS."

Of all the characters immortalized by Mother Goose none furnishes such an object lesson in aspiration as the old woman tossed up in a basket, unless, indeed, one considers the cow that jumped over the moon. But the cow had no motive for her feat of danger and daring, performing it apparently for the mere love of adventure—and perhaps notoriety—like the courageous idiots who walk across Niagara falls on tight ropes.

The old woman of the basket, on the contrary, had an aim, and a charming one—that of sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky, and it is here that she gives us a suggestion for our daily flights.

Everybody's sky gets covered with cobwebs sometimes and it would be a blessing if the old woman and her broom could be at hand on such occasions. As she cannot, it is well for each of us to take a leaf out of her book—or a splinter out of her broom—and perform the task for ourselves.

The old question how to do it, will

always come up, and there are as many answers as there are philosophies and "isms." Some say that work is the sure cure for cobwebs in the mental sky, and others insist that a certain process of thought is the only sure help. Both are doubtless right in a measure and there may be many other ways besides, but there is one thing which has been proved over and over: No cobwebs were ever removed from garret or sky or brain by looking at them and mourning over their increasing number and dust-gathering proclivities. The first step is to jump into a basket of some kind—hope, enthusiasm, or anything which has a tendency upward, and arm one's self with a broom, that is, with some clean-sweeping thing like mental discipline, loving service, or industry; then proceed with energy and determination to sweep! Such an effort is never without gratifying results.

## "IN OTHER MEN'S DISHES."

"Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house.
He caught fishes
In other men's dishes."

It is not recorded that Tommy was considered a success and that the other men whose dishes he borrowed were accounted failures, but we may infer that this was so, for this is the history of such cases the world over.

The world is full of such Tommys, and the mental houses they live in are little indeed, if they can find satisfaction in catching their fishes in borrowed dishes. They are the men who watch the market for the most popular books, songs, and "hits" of all kinds, then make fortunes by bringing forth clever imitations. Or, worse still, they get other people's original ideas by hook or crook, and work them up for publication before the originators have time to do so.

The sort of Tommy-rot also includes the repetition of the other fellow's bon mot or anecdote as one's own, and in short, clever conversational thefts of all kinds. Such a Tittlemouse hears an ac-

quaintance make an apt quotation and the next day he adopts it to his own uses; he hears a striking simile, and uses it without quotation marks, accepting the approval resulting from the act, with becoming modesty. He uses other people's prestige, their labor, their influence, and in fact, everything he can use without being arrested, for Tommy is sly, and not easily caught.

Perhaps such thieving has its uses in a way, for the contemplation of it makes those who would be honest feel a greater conviction in favor of fair dealings. It makes one glad of one's own small catch of the world's fish so long as it is in one's own dishes; and on the whole, that is rather gratifying, isn't it?

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## "TO SEA IN A BOWL."

Probably no tourists were ever more famed than the "three wise men of Gotham," who "went to sea in a bowl;" and their sad fate, which has been delicately suggested in the lines: "If the bowl had been stronger, this tale had been longer," has been contemplated by countless thousands.

But in that contemplation not many have done more than to scoff lightly at the foolhardiness of the three Gothamites' undertaking. Very few read in the simple lines a hint to other would-be voyagers, all too many of whom set out in craft as frail and unseaworthy as the ill fated bowl of the so-called wise men.

"I believe I will be a minister," says one aspiring youth, and he forthwith crams through a theological course, buys a hind-side-before collar and a long coat and proclaims himself a teacher of men. What kind of preparation is that for such a calling? Better is the one prescribed by the sturdy Rescue Mission man, who says:

"If I wanted to make a preacher I'd give him eight years of public school, seven years and a half of training on the streets, and a half year of theology—then I'd do my best to have him forget the theology!"

This iconoclastic statement at least suggests some practical knowledge of the world and its ways, and such knowledge is certainly necessary in building a craft fit for the ministerial sea.

Those who would enter the other professions, arts and sciences are quite as apt to think they can put out to sea in a bowl with safety—and what ocean is so great or so awe inspiring that it will dismay these ardent young explorers? The cry of the day seems to be: "I can do anything!" and a noble stimulating cry it is, if only it is modified into "anything for which I am properly prepared."

It takes a long time to make a good ship, and it takes, moreover, patience, skill, and infinite painstaking. So it is with the craft which is fit to wrestle with life in any of its forms, and before one sets sail in business, in art, in science, in marriage, or on a mission, he should see to it that the vessel in which he embarks is well made, and taut, and trim. Then the onlookers, instead of saying: "If the bowl had been stronger, this tale had been longer," will cry proudly:

"We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel.
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!"

# A Few Fables

## THE UNSPENT VIRTUE.

A virtue coming from the heavenly places found its resting place in the heart of a man. It was happy and content there for a time and then it began to struggle for something, it knew not what, while the man who was its owner and keeper said:

"Be quiet; you are too precious to be wasted. It is enough that you are in my heart. There you must stay."

The virtue struggled again from time to time, irresistibly impelled toward expression of some kind, but each time the man said:

"Do not seek to spend yourself so idly. You are my greatest treasure and I must not lose you."

Once, in a last effort to expand and assert itself, the virtue cried:

"But I want people to see me! Your friends hardly know I exist and it would be better for them and for you if they could feel my presence."

"No," said the man. "I do not want to flaunt my treasure before the eyes of my fellow creatures. They ought to know that you are there, hiding in modesty in my heart."

And so the virtue remained quiet—very quiet; so still indeed that sometimes the man felt a vague wonder, but he said:

"At any rate this is better than that troublesome unrest. My virtue is growing more steady and less self-assertive."

Then there came a day when the man was called upon to give an account of his treasures and very confidently he said:

"I have one very great virtue which I have kept safe in my heart. I have not allowed it to be spoiled or contaminated by the earth atmosphere."

With that he opened his heart only to find his precious virtue shriveled and dead —and no one but the man knew that it had ever lived!

## THE BURDEN-SHIFTERS.

A woman was carrying a heavy burden and bearing it right gallantly, for she found the yoke easy, for love of the thing she bore. She sang as she walked and was well content.

Soon a friend coming along the path said:

"That load is too much for you. Let me show you a different way to carry it which will make it easier," and the friend shifted the burden a little.

A relative of the woman met her and said:

"It is a shame you should carry all that load. I know, however, a way which would help you"—and again the burden was pushed and shifted about.

One by one the friends and relatives came, with their kind thoughts and suggestions, and some of them were so sure that their methods would make the burden light that they added little bundles of their own, thinking she would not notice the difference.

Others added their bundles without realizing what they were doing, so intent were they upon the carrying out of

their systems for helping the burden-bearer.

Then there were several who said, comfortably: "The ones who carry the most are the readiest to carry more"—and complacently added their bits to the rapidly growing pile.

Gradually the woman's step grew slower and her song less cheery. Then the friends and relatives became more solicitous, conceiving new and ever-varying ways of shifting and shoving the burden, until the woman's shoulders became sore with the chafing.

Suddenly one day she stopped singing entirely and dropped into the road. Then did the friends cry out upon each other and upon her.

"Why did you interfere?" they said one to another, and to her they cried, "If you had only tried my method!"

But soon they stopped talking, for they saw that the woman was laughing softly to herself, and they said: "She is mad! She has borne too much!"

But the woman rose, refreshed, and said:

"No, I am not mad, but suddenly sane, and that is why I laugh."

Then gently discarding all the smaller burdens, she picked up her own and settling it firmly on her shoulders turned to go.

"But," said her friends, "you cannot bear it. We must help you."

"No," said the woman, "my burden is light and I love it. Let me but carry it in my own way and it will never weary me."

As she went on her friends one by one picked up their own old bundles which she had discarded; but so long had she borne them that they no longer recognized them as their own.

"See!" they said. "She has left all these for us to carry. Poor soul! she is quite mad!"

But the woman went on her way singing and rejoicing in her burden, for it was her own.

## THE TEMPLE BUILDER.

One day an ambitious man said:

"I have done many good things, but there remains another labor. I will build a temple of Love, for I have heard that Love is the greatest of all things."

So he set his workmen to clearing a space.

"We must have more ground," said he. "Clear away that rubbish over there!"

But the workmen saw that the pile of rubbish was in reality building material collected by a humble builder whom they knew, so they let it lie.

The ambitious man gave generous orders for the building of his temple. Everything was to be of the finest and a great architect was employed for the design. Some times when he came to watch the progress of the structure he noticed a poor man putting up a small building in the adjoining lot. He seemed to be using all sorts of queer odds and ends, and the ambitious man smiled to think how beautiful his temple would appear in contrast to this inferior building.

At last the Temple of Love was finished and it was truly fine in every part. Day by day the ambitious man went to see if Love had yet arrived to dwell there, but he found the temple always empty.

One day when he was turning away disappointed he saw a beautiful stranger

seated on the doorstep of the odd little building in the next lot.

"Who are you?" said the man.

"I am Love," said the stranger. "This is my house."

"No, you have missed the place Your temple is yonder. See that lovely dome all shining in the sun. Come with me."

"No," said the stranger. "This is my home. See, it is built of little bits gathered from here and there—bits of thoughtful care, solicitude, kind words, self-forgetting acts, patience and humble adoration. They have been gathered by the poor builder all his life and he has made them into a temple for me. See, there is my name over the door!"

The man looked and there indeed over the humble door was the word "Love" in letters which seemed to cast a glow over the place.

"But look," said he. "My temple is also inscribed to Love. I told my artisans to——"

But he stopped suddenly, for as he pointed to the temple, he saw over its portal these words in lusterless letters:

"The Temple of Self."

## FIRELIGHT AND STARSHINE.

A woman was journeying on a lonely way. She had sung her songs to keep brave, and the voices of children had cheered her, and now and then she had been able to give a word or a smile or a bit of help to some other traveler, which made the journey seem easier for her. But there came times when she was very weary, and when the lights from the houses she passed looked most inviting. At one of these times, when the sun had set in clouds, and the night had fallen, she was attracted by a particularly bright light from a house where the door stood open. She went and sat on the doorstep, and the warmth from within so cheered her that she began to sing again, and thought, "I can do so little in return for this restful warmth! But if I sing a song of praise it may lend a new brightness to the home, and show my gratitude."

She sat on the doorstep for some time and was content. But by and by the door being hospitably open, she thought how pleasant it would be to go in and sit for a moment by the fire. "I would sing there, too," she said, "and

place these flowers I have gathered by the way on the mantle, and all about. How beautiful it would be if I could add one simple touch to the room which is already so lovely!"

But as she rose to step within an Angel laid his hand upon her shoulder and spoke.

"Do not go in!" he said. "You know that this is the home of another woman, and that you have no right there."

"But I shall take nothing that belongs to her, and she has so much. I will go in and put my flowers in her house and make it brighter, and she will never even know that I have been there."

"But you will nevertheless be taking some of the light and warmth that is not yours, and you will not be so ready to come away as you think. Go now, my child, while your songs are only cheering and gay."

"But it is so lonely and cold and dark, and there are things that frighten me!" she pleaded. But the Angel's hand pointed sternly onward, and with a cry the woman ran down the steps and into the dark path before her, the tears blinding her eyes as she went. The way grew

clearer, after a time, and the woman looked up at the stars and sang again, for she said:

"The firelight was warm and gay, and the stars are cold and high, but they are true, and they light me on the way that is mine. It is better to be led by a cold light than to stand for one instant by a fire which should warm another."

And she went her way, singing.

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## THE SELF-MADE MAN.

"Make way for me!" cried the newcomer at heaven's gate. "I am a self-made man, and I understand you have a high place for such."

"That depends," said the saint at the gate, "upon what they have made of themselves."

"Well, well," said the self-made, impatiently. "I began a poor boy, without a dollar and at the close of my life I was worth millions."

"Yes?" said the saint calmly. "Where are they."

"Oh, of course I had to leave them behind, but—"

"What have you brought with you then?"

"Why, the satisfaction of having made a fortune by my own unaided efforts, and—and—I founded an orphan asylum."

"Yes, I know—almost large enough to hold the children made fatherless through your merciless trusts and syndicates. Well, the asylum was something. What else?"

"I was a good provider for my family, and—and—why, do you allow nothing for energy and perseverance—and—respectability?"

"Yes," said the saint, kindly, "We allow something. Go in and sit down, but take one of the lower seats, for you have much to learn. Now here comes a real self-made man," and the saint flung wide the gate for a quiet spirit who floated in as though he felt quite at home, as in an atmosphere to which he was accustomed.

"What!" exclaimed the Self-made. "Why, I knew that man on earth and he was reared in the lap of luxury."

"Yes," said the saint, "and in spite of that he grew strong and self-reliant. In spite of a university education and years of travel he remained simple in speech and in tastes, and possessed real knowl-

edge. In spite of association with 'the best people' he was gentle in manner and considerate of others. In spite of his affiliation with charitable and philanthropic institutions he was helpful and generous. I consider him the most remarkable specimen of the self-made man that I have ever seen."

"But he did not so announce himself," said the first spirit.

"No," said the saint; "they never do, who have made anything of themselves worth the mentioning."

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## WHEN THE MOTHER PRAYS.

There was once a child who was taught by his mother to pray, and again as he grew older in his church he heard much of prayer and he began to wonder if his family all prayed as often as they ought. Especially did he wonder about his mother whom he never saw kneeling —she was always so busy doing things for the family, and he knew that she was often so tired at night that she dropped to sleep as soon as possible.

As he grew older he wondered more and more, but he never dared to ask his mother when she prayed. Something seemed to keep the words back. One

day he did summon courage to say:

"Mother, you pray, do you not?"

"Yes, my son," said the mother with a soft light in her eyes, though her hands were busy with a homely task.

The lad's questioning stopped there, but his thinking did not, and day by day as he saw his mother's hours grow more full and her thoughts evidently more and more occupied about her loved ones he became worried and fearful lest his mother's soul might be in danger.

One day he took his trouble to a wise man who had often solved for him the lesser problems of life.

"Oh, wise man," he said, "tell me, is not prayer necessary to the soul?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the wise one..

"Then my mother," he began fearfully, "does she pray, think you?"

"Oh, yes," answered the wise man.

"But when?" persisted the lad. "I never see her kneeling and I know at night she is too weary for aught but sleep. When does she pray?"

"Always, my boy," said the wise man. "A mother never ceases praying."

And the boy went away, humbled and wondering.

## "THAT WHICH WAS LOST."

On a time a woman lost a valuable jewel. She searched for it and bestirred all of her house to search as well. She shed tears and accused her servants of theft. Her children she reproached for carlessness, telling them of many things they had lost at other times.

Throughout the day she restlessly searched and wept and chided, and when night came, in utter weariness she lay down to rest, leaving her household calm for the first moment since morning.

In sleep, during that enchanted time when the soul wings off to lands of wonder, the woman visited a strange place called the "Land of Lost Things." There she beheld many articles arranged in fantastic forms. There were books and money and jewels, articles of clothing and household utensils, and in the midst of this array she beheld her own jewel shining brightly.

With great joy she approached the Keeper of the Place and said:

"Oh, Kind One, yesterday in the Land of Waking I lost a thing of value."

"I know," answered the Keeper with gentle sadness.

"Restore it to me, I pray," said the woman.

"Nay, that I cannot do."

"You cannot?" gasped the woman in dismay.

"No, I have it not."

"But I see it yonder among the jewels. It shines like a star."

"Ah, that?" said the Keeper lightly. "You may take that and welcome, if you wish."

"If I wish?" echoed the woman, eagerly grasping her jewel. "Why, this is what I lost!"

"No," said the Keeper.

"Not this? What then?"

"You lost a day," said the Keeper. "One day of serenity, of household comfort and family companionship. That has now gone into the blank void of the Past, and I cannot restore it to you."

"Alas!" sighed the woman. "And I thought that I lost a pearl of great price."

"You did," said the Keeper.

## A SCREW LOOSE.

"Dear me! I'm coming loose!" said the little-bit-of-a-screw in the hinge. "But then, no matter. I am so very small I don't count anyway;" so it wiggled around to find out just how loose it was and consequently fell out entirely and rolled into a corner.

Day by day the hinge kept working looser, other screws becoming loosened with each closing of the door until at last the door hung out of shape so badly that the latch misfitted and the key wouldn't work.

The master of the house came home in a hurry one day to get his grip and go on an important journey. Everybody was out and so the master tried his latch-key, which of course wouldn't work. He fussed at it as long as he dared and then tried all the windows. At last he managed to get into the house, but he had wasted so much time that he missed his train and thereby failed to put through an important deal—and in short there was the very you-know-what to pay all around!

When it was all over, the master of the house investigated that door and at last he found the little-bit-of-a-screw sneaking off in a corner.

"And so!" said the master of the house, "you are what made all this trouble?"

"But I'm only just a little-bit-of-a screw!" said the l. b. of s., "I thought it didn't matter about me!"

"Yes, and I was only a little-bit-of-a screw in a big hinge which was swinging a big business," said the master of the house, "and because I wasn't in my place the business didn't swing and there was the very you-know-what to pay!" (Only the man didn't say "you-know-what"). "I think we little bits of screws better stick close to our places and not wriggle loose."

"Yes," said the little-bit-of-a-screw, sinking firmly into its old place, "I guess I'm more important than I thought."

## THE QUEST.

There was once a man traveling on a long journey. Constantly he said to himself, "I will surely find that for which I seek. There is one of my fellow travelers who has just found one, and I will have some luck by and by."

But as he was looking at his fellow traveler he fell over something in the path and bruised his limbs sorely.

Limping painfully along after his fall he said sadly:

"I fear I am unlucky. I can never find what I am seeking, while others—why there is some one ahead of me now who has just found a splendid one! I will hurry on to that place, for there may be others there."

But as he hastened on he stumbled again over some strange object.

Again and again did he encounter these stumbling blocks, and at last, footsore, bruised and weary, he reached his journey's end, where he saw a Wise Man.

"What of the journey?" said the Wise Man.

"Alas!" said the traveler. "I have nothing but bruises to show for my journey. I found not that for which I sought."

"For what were you seeking?" said the Wise Man.

"An opportunity," said the traveler.

"An opportunity!" exclaimed the Wise Man. "And you found none?"

"Not one, though my fellow travelers found many."

"Look," said the Wise Man, handing the traveler a powerful glass. "Look back over the way by which you have come."

The traveler took the glass and looked, and lo! the path was dotted all along with shining things, each one marked plainly in glowing colors, "Opportunity."

"Those?" said the traveler in astonishment. "Were those opportunities? Why, those were what I stumbled over! I thought they were obstacles!"

"They were," said the Wise Man.

## USE ALL THE KEYS.

An organist once sat down to play and said, "I will make divine harmonies so that my master shall be glad and rejoice in my art."

Then he played sweetly and in tune, keeping carefully within two or three octaves, using but few stops and scarcely touching the pedals so as to be sure to make no mistakes. When he had finished he turned to his master, saying:

"It is good?"

"Yes," said the master.

"Yet there is something in thy tone which tells me I have failed," said the player. "Where is my fault."

The master stepped to the organ and said:

"See, I have given thee an instrument of many voices. Here are stops and pedals and keyboards by which to express all phases of musical feeling. There are tones of every kind from the thunder's roar to the flute-like twittering of birds. Yet in thy playing I heard only one little melody with never a change of harmony to greet my ear with suggestion of nature's great forces. Thy playing spoke

of simple content, of peaceful scenes and it was well, but why did I give thee all these stops and keys and pedals if they were not to be used?"

The pupil hung his head murmuring: "I feared to make a mistake and grieve thee with discord."

"Better discords which lead to broader harmonies, my child, than the unchanging succession of chords which limit the soul's expression. Better sometimes a crash of dissonance, followed by soft concord of tones than the feeble reiterance of a few notes. Had I wished thee to play but the keys thy hands can cover without effort, I would have given thee an organ of like capacity. But lo, I have given thee an instrument to touch all feelings, all aspirations, all the lights and shades which go to make up the full glory of musical expression. Play again, my son, and use all thy keys."

The organist essayed once more, this time using every resource of his wonderful instrument. Sometimes at first he played jarring notes, being still somewhat in fear. Again, when growing enthusiasm made him more sure, he would deliver a false harmony through over-

confidence. But each error taught him anew and in time he completed a symphony which filled all the air about him with noble sounds suggesting high conceptions of life, so that many a student, listening, conceived a wider view of the possibilities of his own instrument and took courage to strive for a broader expression.

When, uplifted, yet humble, the pupil had finished he said:

"There were many mistakes."

"Yes, my child," said the master, with his face aglow. "But thou hast played all the keys."

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## THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

A man went about measuring everything that he saw and he found that nearly everything fell short. Especially disappointing were his fellowmen, for each lacked in some way, of the full measure.

At last the man met one who was so gracious, so beneficent, that for many days the measuring-stick was forgotten in the joy of the new and satisfying companionship. After a time the man re-

membered, and with renewed hope he hastened to apply the test to his new friend, for he said, "Here, at last, is one who will meet the full gauge."

In glad expectancy he held up the measure—but alas! again was he disappointed!

Turning away in anguish, he cried, "Alas, that you, too, have failed—you who seemed all in all!"

"I am sorry," said the friend.

"Sorry? Can you say no more than that?"

"Yes, I can say this: Measure yourself, my friend."

"Myself? Why, I never thought"—and he again held up the gauge. In astonishment and dismay he found that he was farther from the full measure than any of those he had tried before. * * * He turned away, wiser, humbler, and yet happier, for now his fellowmen appeared to him much greater than before.

## THE MAGIC FLOWER.

Once, in the place where all things are sold, a man saw a rare and exquisite flower and exclaimed:

"How beautiful, and what a delicate fragrance!"

"Yes," said the genius of the place. "It is a magic flower. The one who wears it will find doors, otherwise closed, opening to him; friendships coming to him and even business success."

The man took the flower and wore it proudly. He found that its powers were even as had been told him. Everywhere doors were opened to him, smiles greeted him and success seemed to follow every effort. He wore it always, when going abroad, but at home he laid it carefully away so that its fragrance might not be wasted.

The flower kept its form and color, but after a time its perfume grew fainter and the man exclaimed, "Alas! Half the charm is gone. I must be more careful of it." So he laid it away and wore it only when going on some important errand. He found that doors still opened to him

and smiles still greeted him, but the doors opened less freely and the smiles were colder. The flower lost all its odor and its color began to grow dull.

The man becoming more and more troubled, laid the flower away with special care, and wore it only on very great occasions. On one of these occasions he dined with a very famous man, and noted with surprise that he also wore one of the magic flowers.

"Yours must be newer than mine," said the man. "It has even more fragrance than mine had at first."

"Oh, the flower?" said the famous one, surprised. "I had almost forgotten I had it—I have worn it so long and so constantly."

"Constantly?" said the man. "You do not wear it at home surely?"

"Certainly," said the famous one. "That is the only way to preserve its fragrance. You have perhaps made the mistake of saving yours for very great occasions?"

"Yes," said the man, "and now the charm is gone. What shall I do?"

"Begin to wear it at home," said the great one, simply.

"But my family—what will they think?"

The famous one smiled. "They will be startled at first, no doubt, but they will become accustomed to it and will delight in its fragrance for—yes, the fragrance will return, more sweet than ever, in the atmosphere of home."

The man looked at his flower with renewed interest, and when he went home he followed his friend's advice, and lo, all that he had said was true!

For the name of the flower was COURTESY.

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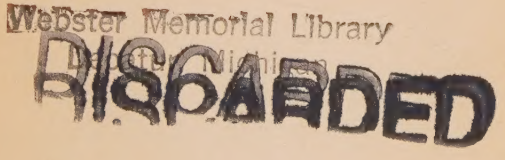
Cherryman, Myrtle Koon
Mother Goose meddlings.



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